

Qualities of a Chief

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Summary: Stoick shows all the qualities to becoming a chief, he has known since the day he arrived in the world what his role for the village was. So when you have a son who is the exact opposite of size and strength. What is a father and Chief supposed to do? Hiccup is not the desired son the brawn, muscular man had wanted...but then maybe Hiccup is the beloved son he yearned for

Qualities of a Chief

Hey everyone its been a while, I haven't written a story since last year so I'm now going to write another one.

I want to believe my writing has improved because i have read lots of stories on fanfic especially **how to train your dragon. So this is my first time writing one**

Love and criticize reviews plz! well enjoy! (please don't be too abusive nobody wants that on their stories thank you!)

i also apologize if the title doesn't suit the story but i wasn't sure what to put but it least it makes sense

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><p>Strength, dedication, diplomacy, sensitivity, and leadership are all required in a making of a wise and respectful chief. You need to make delicate and tough decisions for the village. You want all your people to listen with open ears as your voice spreads with wisdom and courage, when war is about to hit berk or when the same number of dragons breathe fire destroying houses, capturing the animals, leaving vikings to become vulnerable against the vile creatures. You have to be the one to lead your people with orders, for protection and safety.<p>

So when you have a small, sarcastic son who lets his wide imagination

get the best of him or his attention span of a sparrow, you might as well talk to the stone wall of your house! Because the orders go through one ear and out the other!

Which leads to Stoick once again cleaning the mess up his son has caused. With a sigh and disappointment displaying on his face, he does not see the qualities of a chief.

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><p>Stoick with no doubt loves his only child but he believes to be proud is through strength. So when a 5-year-old Hiccup shows him a drawing of a tree instead of learning how to pick up an axe, he can not say he is proud for there is none. As the years went by Hiccup hardly changed, he grew upwards in size but the weight and strength was extremely limited. Stoick could only shake his head in sorrow when seeing his brother Spitelout's son Snotlout throw the axe making a straight cut at the target, while his son's toothpick arms struggled to even hold it against his shoulder.<p>

Again Stoick sees no quality of strength in his son, which is something every Chief needs to protect their village.

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><p>Dedication and creativity is surprisingly something that he sees in his son, but for the wrong reason. The boy is so determined to prove to everyone that his inventions will become the greatest achievement on the village, that he becomes oblivious of when it is time to stop and think. Far too many to count Stoick starts to think that his boy is the same amount of trouble as the dragons. It's true that he means well but disaster follows him like a plague every time or anywhere Hiccup is out, especially in the raid full of dragons. Stoick had known straight away that many animals would be taken again because his child was out, his thin legs running away from a monstrous nightmare ready to devoured.<p>

The rage on Stoick's face when looking at his tiny son, who looks like a chastised child is obvious. Hiccup is defiantly smart a quality from himself and his mother. But is it completely worthless if he does not think rationally and only uses it for meaningless contraptions. After advising his trusting and long-time friend Gobber to take Hiccup home, the chief gave out the orders to clean up the damages his boy had caused.

Hopefully Hiccup will use this quality and put it to better use, if he does then Stoick can say (in his head) that he is proud.

* * *

><p>Change and different were two qualities that Stoick never had. He did not need to change, he had every bit stubborn viking souring through his body. His fierce wife Valka was flawless in beauty and in battle, she was loved, admired and respected. They were a powerful couple. Then Hiccup came and Stoick's view on the world had no choice but to change due to his son uniqueness. At the time it made Stoick wonder why the gods gave them such a singular child? Was it a punishment? Or was it for a greater deed?<p>

It never occurred to Stoick that Hiccup was just maybe more like his

mother. But when Valka died, Stoick lost all sense of reason accepting the truth that his son was more of a menace than having the potential implanted from the mother.

He despised these two qualities and wished that his son was more like him and of course that was never the case for Stoick the vast, the greatest warrior of his village.

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><p>Then he came along. The black devil that had corrupted his son, influencing his mind to help the dragons! The beasts that they have hunted and killed for 3 hundred years due to the annihilation of their homes is now being tested by his only child for his belief that they are good dragons!<p>

Stoick has now accepted with confidence and anger that this boy was not his son. Not only did he put shame on the family and the village but he defended the beast by saying don't hurt toothless. He even gave the dragon a name! The chief's face was turning red by the minute until the nest appeared in his sentence. His boy had found the nest and only a dragon could get you there! Ignoring the cries from the boy Stoick walked away until Hiccup grabbed his arm. He felt sympathy when a thud touched the ground as he pushed Hiccup away, but the betrayal was deep, too deep.

You're not a viking, you're not my son. Stoick never thought in his life he would say those words to his only child but he did. He now has no child, no family and no one to carry on the family line.

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><p>Smoke, dust and ashes from a gigantic gruesome dragon camouflage the area. Water filled Stoick's eyes as he searched through thick, white smoke for his beloved son. He cried and shouted till his throat was sore, but he didn't care. He wanted to apologize for everything, for not having faith in his son who only wanted to show that he was a true viking just as much as the generation now and the next. In result he disowned his child, not thinking wisely at all, Stoick only thought of revenge. And look at the catastrophe that had fallen upon them.<p>

Rubbing his eyes Stoick walked further through the fog and squinted his green eyes when he saw black. Without a second to spare he ran towards the dragon, the fog vanished revealing toothless...and only toothless. Stoick felt the heavy weight of the heart causing him to stumble to the ground. His son who he did cherish with all heart and body is gone. He never heard the people and the dragons behind him, he heard the gasps and the cries but paid no attention. Only the night fury who had a broken tailfin and was laying on his side moaning.

The tears threatened to fall, vikings do not show much emotions, crying is a rarity. But just once Stoick did not stop his eyes becoming glossy. He looked into the dragon's eyes and saw green...just like Hiccup. So full of wonder, mystery and possibly forgiveness? Stoick could only say he was sorry for he was.

He was sorry for not looking at his son and seeing that he did indeed have all the qualities for a chief in the making. The drawings that

scattered all over the workshop at Gobber's. The journal he took everywhere with him to take notes to bringing out new ideas, to show how creative and determined he was to prove his stubborn-minded father that he can be a viking. But most importantly was Hiccup's leadership and the fact his heart was so pure to save the people who have mistreated him his entire life. Stoick his own father also reprimanded him over and over never viewing the forest green eyes of his son that held brightness, strength and wisdom beyond his young years.

Stoick never saw anything in his son until now and it nearly cost the life of his boy. I'm so sorry was so quiet coming out of his mouth that it was good dragons have great hearing. He heard shuffling and what appeared between Toothless's body and arms was Hiccup. Wasting no time Stoick grabbed his son praying and praying for him to live. And there it was, a thump after thump, his child was alive! Hurt but alive! He could hear cheering behind him after he announced the news. Before he couldn't comprehend that this night fury the offspring of lightning and death itself had befriended his son. But now he can and Stoick gave his gratitude thanking the dragon for saving him.

He knew right then that for son to make peace and friendship with the dragons is because no one else wanted to. We vikings don't like change and difference, Hiccup was exactly the definition that Stoick tried to transform, but ended up pushing Hiccup away into the dragon's arm. For love, affection and just to be noticed. Something Stoick hardly did for the boy, causing his heart to plunge more heavily than when his wife died.

He is the Chief the village could ask for. He had courage, the strength, the intelligence and the leadership skills. He possessed many more qualities when he followed in his father's footsteps. But there was one skill Stoick did not develop correctly and that was listening. He did not listen to Hiccup when he tried to protect him and the village from harm, he supposedly thought that they could win the battle to end the dragons for good. Why didn't he stop when the corpse-like dragon as big as a mountain charge towards the vikings like stepping on insects. He is the chief and he put his whole village to death, all because his boy had indeed surpassed his own father without his acknowledgement.

Stoick could hear Hiccup harsh breathing with the internal injuries that have impaired his small body particularly his left leg. He could not help but notice the bone and tissue sticking out the leg that shouldn't be there at all, because it should not have happened. The leg was going to be amputated and it was all Stoick's fault. Why didn't he recognize this superiority in his son? Why did he judge the appearance of his son, through strength and size only on the outside. If Stoick had just glanced at his son more often he would have detected that everything was all inside his boy, after what he had accomplished for the village.

For once in his life Stoick was wrong. Change and difference was good, it was needed so the island can be at peace with the dragons. It is a long shot bearing in mind that it took 3 hundred years for this to happen. And it only took a small child of 14 to bring the destruction of dragons and vikings to a close. Stoick sees Gobber coming over viewing the injuries realising as well that the leg will have to go. They still have a long way to go but Stoick will never forget this day, he will always remember his Hiccup being the hero.

And most importantly he will learn be a father to the boy who has the kindest heart of them all.

In his heart he knows that Hiccup deserves a better father, a fantastic role model, but Stoick is his dad and he will even break all the rules if it means one day his son will forgive all the cruelty placed upon him. Before Stoick asked the gods why have they given him a child so difficult and out of character compared to the rest. Stoick never gave himself an answer but looking at Hiccup's pale, unconscious face, he can now replied as special. His boy was unique because he was special, he was one of a kind and rare. Hiccup is both his mother and father, he had exceeded his father in all qualities, and many more.

Stoick should have said this years ago but he can now say out loud that he is deeply proud of his adored son and would always will be. They would work together like a family should. Stoick will mend all broken memories to make sure that his son has the father that he desperately deserves.

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><p>Wow! I really enjoyed writing this...i hope it's not too much and i tried to single out the qualities in Hiccup because he has every making of a chief.

Also I am not sure if I did but I might have switched from 3rd person to 2nd person, it seems like it but with any luck I haven't. i read it again and again and turns out i wrote in 1st person and 3rd person...woops!

**anyway hope you enjoyed my first story! **

End
file.